

## A ROLLING STONE

By Frank Filson

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"Henceforward I'll be a rolling stone no more," said Frank Latham as he stepped out of the train at Eppingham. "I'm going to get a job and stick to it. I'm 26 and it's time I settled down somewhere. Eppingham's good enough for me. I'll become a local magnate and own half the town and be an influence in the county, and maybe I'll go into politics and perhaps wind up as governor or even—"

"Hey, young feller! Get out of that!"

It was a sad awakening from his dream. Frank had inadvertently stepped off the road and into the flower beds of a real local magnate, to judge from the splendor of the house and the extensive grounds. And when one is in old clothes one must dream carefully.

With a low apology, Frank turned to make off. But the elderly gentleman who had shouted to him came running up, wild with excitement.

"What do you mean by walking on my geranium beds?" he demanded furiously.

"I beg your pardon," said Frank. "I didn't think where I was going."

"You don't have to explain that," said the man wrathfully. "Get out of here and don't let me see your face again or I'll have you run out of town. I'll know you next time we meet," he added.

Frank made off; there was nothing else to do, in fact. A little way down the street he stopped to ask a native, who owned the big place.

"That's Mr. Stone," said the man, grinning. "I guess you've heard of him, haven't you?"

"The man who's building the big dam?"

"That's him, sure."

"Confound it!" thought Frank. For he had come to Eppingham, in-

vesting his last \$10 on the train fare, because he had heard that there was to be unlimited work on Mr. Stone's dam.

He had been gently born, but he had not made the most of his opportunities. The call of the road was imperative to him. Again and again he had settled down, only to fling up his position and try elsewhere. But now, after a run of hard luck which had reduced him to a position which he had never contemplated before, Frank was glad enough of a chance



She Was Holding On for Dear Life.

of a position at day laborer's wages. And he had ruined everything by his dreaming!

"I'll give up. Fate's against me!" said Frank angrily.

He turned out of Eppingham into the woods. Eppingham was the last station on the line, beyond it was a great expanse of state forest. It was early June and summer was calling. Frank could have spent the whole summer in a camp without a qualm. He resolved to strike a trail on the